

Model Food Market

Special For SATURDAY and MONDAY

S. & H. GREEN TRADING STAMPS
WITH ALL PURCHASES

FRESH PORK ROAST 1 lb. 11c | FRESH PORK SHOULDERS 9c lb.
SATURDAY ONLY SATURDAY ONLY

FREE—100 S. & H. STAMPS WITH THE FOLLOWING ORDER, ALL FOR 79c:

1 package Scouring Powder.....10c
1 cake Sweet Chocolate.....7c
1 pkg Pure Pepper or Mustard.....10c
1 package Jelly Powder.....10c
2 cakes Laundry Soap.....10c
1 lb G. M. Coffee.....32c
ALL FOR 79c
And 100 Stamps Free

Prime Rib Roast Beef 10c lb and up
Prime Pot Roast Beef 8c and 10c lb
90 Stamps free with 1 lb G. M. Tea.....60c
Royal Baking Powder.....35c lb
Van Camp's Milk.....9c large can
80 Stamps free with 1 bottle Cal. Port or Sherry Wine.....50c
Fresh Hamburg Steak.....9c lb
Legs of Lamb.....12 1/2c lb
Forequarters Lamb.....8c lb
Beef Liver (Saturday only) 6c lb
40 Stamps free with 1 lb G. M. Coffee.....32c
Fancy Maine Potatoes.....25c peck
Yellow Turnips.....15c peck
50 Stamps with 1 bottle Monogram Whiskey.....\$1

10 STAMPS FREE WITH EITHER OF THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES:

1 bottle Blue Label Catsup.....20c
1 lb large California Prunes.....25c
1 lb fancy Head Rice.....25c
2 pkgs Hecker's Cream Oatmeal.....10c package
1 pkg Macaroni or Spaghetti.....10c package
1 can Bartlett Pears.....14c
1 can White Wax Cherries.....15c
1 can Chunk Pineapples.....15c
1 bottle Pure Vanilla Extract 10c
1 large package Soap Powder 8c

30 STAMPS FREE with 6 cakes German Laundry Soap.....25c

Model Food Market

Free Delivery 50-54 CANNON STREET 'Phone 83

Jane Cable

...By...
GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON,
Author of "Beverly of Graustark," Etc.

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(To be Continued.)

Amigos along the mountain road gave information that was not worth having. A deserted village showed signs of the passage, and finally there was proof ahead that Pilar had stopped to give battle. He had reached his vantage ground. Connel and his men drew back and waited. Nightfall came and with it the spiteful crack of the Mauser rifle. A brawny trooper toppled over with a great hole in his head. Pilar's pickets could see like cats in the night. The native scout reported that the big village of Concepcion was not far ahead; Pilar's men were making their stand before this rather important stronghold.

"We'll get a scrap that is a scrap, boys," said Connel exultingly. "These fellows are going to put up a fight at last. They're like bees up yonder. We've got to fall back on the company. If we don't, they'll chew us up before the little captain can get to us."

Too well did the men know the bellicose temperament of the big Irishman to think of grumbling at such a command, yet it was with a certain reluctance which invariably accompanies a backward step that the men retired to meet the advancing company. Young Bansemer in his khaki uniform was not the immaculate, debonaire man of the drawing room. Service, though short, had been hard and grueling. His face was even handsomer with its rugged lines and set features. His eyes were clearer and darker gray; his hair seemed thicker and fairer than before; his figure more erect and slender. The wistful look in his eyes seemed to betray hunger for action; his ever ready eagerness to be on the move told of his strength and of his weakness. He had the lean, active bearing of the athlete and the restless daring of that like animal.

No man in the company had stood firmer as valiantly as he. He courted the whiz of the bullet, scoffed at the rigors of the march and instinctively was a good shot with the rifle. He bore no grudge against the department at home; he had no grievance.

The officers recognized in him a man of parts, a man of station far above the position which he had chosen in the army. He was a source of mystery to the men of his own rank in the line—the playboys, the teamsters, the roustabouts and the ne'er-do-wells who had gone into the army from choice or discretion. At first they had called him the "dude" and had laughed at his white hands and clean jaws. His indifference to their taunts annoyed them. One day he knocked down the biggest bully of the lot and walked away without even waiting to see whether he would arise after the blow. He simply glared at the next man who chafed. It was enough. The company held him in a new respect that forbade the reporting of the incident to the officer of the day.

Every night before he lay down to sleep, in the rice field or the barrios, he took from his pocket a leather case and gazed at the small portrait it sheltered. No one had been permitted to see him in his devotions, for that was what he called these sacred moments. His lean face, full of fierce energy all day long, softened as his eyes devoured the dainty miniature.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

A shot rang out in the stillness of the night. It was answered at once by another closer in. More shots followed, gradually increasing to a fusillade as the scouts and pickets came running back. Men sprang up from the ground, but even as they did so another volley reached them, and three men dropped with a groan and lay still. The alarm sounded clear from the bugle and echoed back from the surrounding hills. A sharp command came from the throat of the sergeant. The company seized the stacked rifles. Captain Groce gave another order. The formation to repel attack was made in an incredibly short space of time. There was no disorder, no confusion. The little officer was as cool as if on dress parade.

"Steady, men! Wait until they're nearer!"

They had not long to wait. From all sides a horde of shouting, firing men were rushing on the little square. "Here they are! Now, then, boys, fire!"

Volley after volley rang out. The foremost of the enemy fell at their feet. Hand to hand was the fighting. The bayonets lunged with deadly effect, but seemed powerless to thrust the mass back on itself. Men shot, hacked, stabbed and clubbed each other. It was a whirl of uplifting and descending rifles and bolos. Fierce oaths vied with the shrieks of the wounded for supremacy. The grunt of men who slaughter, the gasps of the victims when the steel went home, were heard on all sides. At times the soldiers could not see on account of the sweat and blood pouring from their faces. The very air was foul from the steam from the living and the dead. They could not breathe. A sort of vertigo overpowered them, and they only kept their feet by grappling with the enemy.

To Bansemer it seemed that all his life he had been doing nothing but warding off and delivering blows. Fighting side by side with Rogers, he saw, with horror, that the soldier's rifle had been torn from his hands and that he had no weapon to defend himself, but before he could see just how it happened this individual combat had altered its aspect. Rogers had grabbed the Filipino's gun and was doing the clubbing. With renewed zest Bansemer finished with the bayonet his own assailant and saw the man fall on top of poor Adams and Relander.

Suddenly there was an exultant yell from the enemy. Instinctively Banse-

mer knew that one side of the square had given way. Quickly turning, he rushed to give his aid and just in time caught the arm of a native about to slash him with a huge knife. With the two gripped hands high in the air struggling for mastery the adversaries became separated a bit from the rest of the chaotic mass of friend and foe, swaying out to one side of the plaza and under the walls of a convent. Bansemer was facing it, and just at the moment that he felt his strength giving way and could see a grin of triumph on the fendish face there came a dash and a report, and his adversary fell at his feet. Glancing up to ascertain who had fired the shot that had saved his life, he thought he saw a figure disappearing from one of the windows. The incident acted as an inspiration. Gathering together a few men, he reached the captain's side and communicated his plan. The opportunity was not to be lost. Groce gave an order; Connel repeated it. Then interpreting a temporary lull in the murderous struggle as their vantage, the men, with a cheer and dragging the field piece, broke for the building and by bayoneting and clubbing the insurgents out of the way accomplished the dash with alight loss. The soldiers hurled themselves against the stoutly barred door. It fell with a crash.

Guards were stationed and all openings and windows manned. Singularly enough, these defensive actions seemed at the least temporarily unnecessary, for the watchers peering out of the windows reported that the dead alone occupied the recent field of battle. Not a single Filipino was to be seen on the plaza.

Every village has its convent or barrios. Generally speaking, their size corresponds in a certain ratio with the population. But this particular building was an exception. Dimly lighted, it gave the impression of ranking in size with many of those in far larger villages. Immediately the thought came to the invaders that the church might have sheltered the insurgent leaders. Aguinado or Pilar might have directed the attack from inside these walls. Orders were given to search every corner and crevice to ferret out concealed foes. A rear window was open, proving that flight could have been by that means of egress. Bansemer was almost positive that the bullet which had killed his assailant had come from one of the upper windows, but whether from friend or foe was undeterminable. Were they not in a cunningly planned trap of some kind?

Considerably perplexed, Bansemer decided to keep on his guard. He was ruthlessly searching the chancel when a deep groan caught his attention. Presently, as he paused to listen, a dark figure leaped toward him from a recess back of the altar. The flash of a pistol blinded him and momentarily a sharp pain shot through his arm, but he recovered in time to throw his tall frame forward upon the slight, almost indistinguishable figure. There was a short struggle, and before his comrade could reach him his adversary was safely pinned to the floor. A moment later the torches in the hands of his friends were burning brightly above the figure of his captive—a slender boy who choked with terror and rage.

"Who are you, my young friend?" asked Bansemer, holding the boy at arm's length.

There was no answer from the tightly closed lips, and Bansemer shook him a little roughly. Then for the first time he perceived that he was not a Filipino. His skin was dark, but not the skin of the natives. The handsome, boyish face had regular features European in character.

"Spard!" inquired Bansemer a trifle more gently, and again the boy flashed a look of hatred into his captor's eyes.

(To be Continued.)

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Any stomach ailment, including all forms of indigestion, can be promptly cured by using M-I-O-na tablets, a scientific treatment unsurpassed. It stops fermentation, belching of gas and taste of sour food almost at once.

The mighty power of M-I-O-na to invigorate and restore the stomach to perfect condition is known everywhere. M-I-O-na cures by building up—by banishing the cause. For thin people it is a great flesh builder, because it causes the stomach to give more and purer nutrition to the blood. It cures sea and car sickness and vomiting of pregnancy almost immediately. All leading druggists sell M-I-O-na for 50 cents a large box, and guarantee it to cure or money back.

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FAIRFIELD

Board of Relief—Statue of Taft—Historical Handbook—Real Estate Transfers—Pequot Lectures.

The Board of Relief was in session yesterday at the Town house, for the second time. All the members were present. Thus far there have not been as many applications for relief from the tax laid down by the assessors as there were last year. But it is a little too early to say what may happen. It is thought that the board of equalization has smoothed away many difficulties.

Yesterday some of the professors at the Hargrove school amused themselves by making a heroic statue of President-elect Taft, out of snow, which was placed in the front yard and faced the west. It was by no means a bad piece of work and attracted much attention from the occupants of passing automobiles.

Dr. Child's historical hand book of the town, being issued by the Historical Society, will come from the press this month. It contains 35 full page photographs of local scenes, including all the churches in town, a view of Southport harbor, the fountain in that part of the town, of the Holland Forbes residence and of many other notable buildings still existing in town. The work for the town is being executed in New Haven. Dr. Child has been at work upon the volume for many years, and it has been a labor of love with him.

There were not many transfers of real estate in town during the month of January. Except the manufacturing all kinds of business is very quiet, and even the drummers who flock to the stores go away almost as empty handed as they came. The following transfers have been recorded:

Tidor Brunovsky of Fairfield to Steve and Mary Brunovsky, land on Osborne Hill, 150 by 275 feet, with buildings thereon, bounded by land of Edward B. Morehouse and O. G. Jennings.

Henry and Mary Jones of Bridgeport to Moses Barske, 4 acres and 66 rods of land, bounded by the highway and the land of N. S. Worden, with the buildings thereon.

Matthew Anderson to Rose Coyle, land with buildings in Southport, bounded by King's Highway, the Connecticut turnpike and land of William Taylor and Arthur C. Jennings.

Frank Timko, of Bridgeport, to Frank and Terez Coormyer, lots 13 and 17 in Winona Park, with the buildings thereon.

Bridgeport Land & Title Company, to Albert Anderson of Bridgeport, lots 408 and 409 on Berkeley Road, Lenox Heights.

James Smith to William Kepleskie, land 20 feet on King's Highway, running back 197 feet to the turnpike.

Bridgeport Land & Title Company, to Louis Lesko of Stamford, lots 28 and 29 on Holland Heights road and Prince street.

There are rumors that sometime gas may be introduced into this town. And there have long been rumors that electric lights are coming.

Next Monday, at the library, Mrs. Nell Mitchell will hold another of her interesting talks on Current Events. These, for the present, have taken the place of the study of Germany.

The many rumors one hears now a days about the sale of business to out of town parties, are not regarded as very reliable. Whether any one asks if the rumor is true, the reply usually is: "Fairfield is good enough for me."

Very likely Mr. Frank Brothwell takes the same view of the matter. Frederick A. Boritz, employed on the Bronson estate, has bought a place near Hartford.

A number of people will meet this evening at the Congregational church on Greenfield Hill with the intent of forming a Choral club.

Mrs. W. F. Northrop of Southport is visiting her brother in Southington. Mr. F. M. Roscoe is visiting in Poughkeepsie.

The Misses Peppers of Greens Farms, have gone to Jacksonville, Fla., to remain until the 1st of April.

Mrs. W. W. Wakeman left on Wednesday for the South.

Next Tuesday evening, at the hall of the Pequot Library, Dr. Thomas E. Potterson will give a free lecture on Alaska and the Yukon country.

Chocolate Figs.

Read these bargains offered by the Puritan, the new candy store at 129 Fairfield avenue, for tomorrow: Chocolate figs, sold regular for 25c per pound, for to-morrow 10c lb. Peanut buttercups, sold regular for 20c per pound, for to-morrow 10c lb. Old fashioned molasses taffy sold regular for 12c per pound, for to-morrow 9c lb. Penny peanut bars made fresh every day, 10 cents per dozen. Also bear in mind that there is a Puritan special every day.

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\$300 & \$350 SHOES

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BOYS SHOES \$1.25 \$2.00

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Big assortment at these astonishingly low prices FOR CASH ONLY. SEE DISPLAY WINDOW. Biggest of all values. An unparalleled opportunity to buy a lamp with little money.

HALF PRICE HEATERS
Coal or Oil. Only a few heaters left at these low prices but plenty of good cold weather for their use.

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